

MARCH 1922

ONE QUARTER

GAP'N JOEY'S JAZZA RA JAZZA



He

Dance of Greenwich Village Flappers

Your True Love Letters

The power of love sways the world. Under its spell the universe totters or advances. Love is the essence of life.

Love letters tell the **true stories** of ourselves, without gloss or stint.

The question is not **how** to write but the will. It is what you put into your words and not the structure.

This contest is for amateurs only. All letters should be based on actual fact, and as near the truth throughout as seems consistent in the mind of the author.

Each month Cap'n Joey will select one or more letters from those submitted, basing his selection upon the superiority of idea or ideas carried throughout, as it appears to him, rather than on grammatical finesse; also on the probable appeal of such letter or letters to the readers of Jazza-Ka-Jazza Magazine.

\$25.00 CASH FOR YOUR TRUE LOVE LETTER

\$25.00 in cash will be paid to the author or sender of each "True Love Letter" published in Jazza-Ka-Jazza Magazine.

Perhaps you have a real love letter that you think will win. Send it in. When requested names of writers will not be published.

N. B.—Letters should not exceed four-hundred words, and should be clearly written on one side of paper only.

All selections are made by Cap'n Joey personally, and are final.

Manuscripts found unavailable will be returned to sender, providing self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, although we assume no responsibility for same.

Cap'n Joey.



ELSIE YOUNG

"Up In The Clouds".

Photo by Schwartz



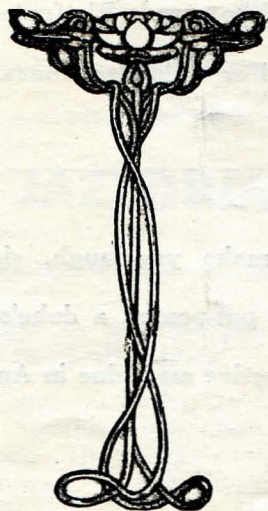
TED LEWIS

King of Jazz at Ted Lewis Club.

Kind Reader:—

We're back again. No doubt you thought Cap'n Joey had gone out of the country into Jersey. All the time he was in the darkest hole of his den, burning the midnight oil to give you a better issue. The demi-virgin number of February was such a demi-tasse everyone ate it up and this number—well, read it for yourself.

But the April issue—say, its going to jazz a Prohibition hound into delirium tremens.



Only the anemic provincial Puritan objects to occasional humor founded on the good gross earth of human nature, the paradox of that star-aspiring animal which is man.

Richard LeGallienne
in N. Y. Times Book Review

Edited by a World War Veteran

Who stands Flatfooted

For a Soldier Bonus.

**Cap'n Joey will make you laugh, sigh-and perhaps cry.
Jazza-Ka-Jazza is a pot-pourri, a duke's mixture of publica-
tions, the most distinctive magazine in America to-day.**

CAP'N JOEY'S JAZZA-KA-JAZZA

The Jazz Hound among Jazz Kickers

THIS PUBLICATION WRIT, PUT UP AND PUT OUT BY THE VILLAGE JAZZERS IN THEIR JAZZORIUM, 39 7th AVENUE, IN THE WILDS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE AND FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY. JO BURTEN, Editor.

MARCH 1922

No. 2

ONE QUARTER

JAZZORIAL

THE sinister finger of professionalism has at last fallen on college football circles.

The sword of Damascus hangs by a hair over the heads of many. Spring housecleaning is in order—the greatest cataclysm that has ever shook the college world. Too well, college heads and gridiron mentors see the handwriting on the wall, and are attempting to stifle the press from the true elements.

According to the code of football ethics there is none without stain. The epitome of all amateur football is rotten to the core and demands a drastic evolution, merciless and ruthless. Amateur rulings have retrogressed and are a thing of the past.

Such has been the tempest that has struck the collegiate world—East and West, a cry of professionalism is heard and with the 'Taylorville' raucus, what with developments at Notre

Dame and Illinois, it sure is a troubled world. What can one expect with the big gates football secured last fall. Some of the money idea percolated the domes of the players? Must be a sweater or gold football don't satisfy every one these days for risking his skin for his Alma Mater. And now, under obsolete rulings, if a college player is tempted, and that usually after the season is over, by a pot of jack, he is only human if he accepts such **dinero**, especially if he is working his way through school.

The pity of it is that those who control the sport and that goes for all collegiate sport, don't get together and make rules which are in conformity with human nature. **One rule should be that after the playing season is over, the players be permitted to sell their athletic abilities if they so desire, as long as they do not conflict with their college work.**

Shall salaried gridiron directors, and hypocritical literary ascetic asses who fold their hands complacently over well fed paunches direct the destinies of young men in a creative sport demanding the utmost of strength, skill and "guts" for the empty honor of an institution? To a young man indulging in the planetesimal theory of the every day paen—when do we eat, the time spent at football practice could have been directed in other directions such as in the pursuit of food, clothes, books and the impedimenta necessary to keep young men in college. Did you know that most men work their way through college? Football men are no exception.

Coach Dietz of Purdue University was dismissed when he admitted offering a sum of money to a football player. **Had he committed a heinous crime?** No. He only had assisted a human being through school. I have met many football players in my time at college, and not **one** received money because he was making a living at it, but for the reason it was furthering him through school. I myself have been to several colleges and have met the coaches of these institutions and know they are impartial to players getting paid, if they can get away with it. In fact, one institution that I know of, the coach was the man behind the brains of the town and alumni who gathered shekels to help needy athletes.

Oh, yes, the Big Ten will meet in Iowa City in March to take up the question of professionalism, and just like the repre-

sentatives who met recently in New York, they will say, "don't do as I do; do as I say," to the athletes of the colleges.. Coming from men who are paid fancy salaries for a couple of months' work in drilling the college youth, it makes one think.. Coaches can never cure the ill in football—it is beyond their ken. **But if it is necessary to overturn the entire rulings of amateur athletics—it is worth attempting.**

Amateur rules must be uprooted, bush and all. The time has come for concerted action. Retrogression must cease. Live and let live. Call an ace an ace and clean football in the right way.

Proselizing will never cease unless football is eliminated from colleges. Professional football is touching the college game in its tender spot. Colleges have made big money, paid large salaries to a group of Bimbos and given the fellow who does all the hard work the **honor** of a sweater or a gold football, if they're nice and have played very good.

Why can't a college player make his way through school with the knowledge of his gridiron sport? Hasn't he as much privilege as the big-headed simpleton who tutors infusorial matter or the electron theory to a bunch of simpletons?

It is from without that proselizing of institutions comes. But it is from within that the cure of cancer must phoenixward rise.

For years football players have been knocked about like ten pins. First one ruling and then another. Now the latest has been legislated: the "tramp" athlete has been barred by drastic legislation of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, making it impossible for an athlete to hie from one institution to another in the pursuit of education and play football as well. Do a bunch of noncompoop officials imagine that an athlete goes to college to play football? No, first, last and always he attends to secure an education. A ruling in the West states that a football player will be ousted from his "letters" if he plays football after the season is over in his senior year.. What a lot of cheap rubbish and petty jealousy! Probably some football coach couldn't make the Canton Bulldogs or Jim Thorpe's team, and therefore all others were thwarted from doing so under a penalty.

No one can countenance the practice of college boys being amateurs and "pros" at the same time; but if they choose, after

the college gridiron careers are ended, it should be nobody's business but their own.

Let us take the example of Joe Doe, for instance. I know the man personally and have proof of all that I write. He is but one of hundreds all over the country. He was a star athlete at high school and was approached by an alumnus of Syracuse. Several talks with the boy and he started to Syracuse. Meanwhile he was approached by an alumnus of Colgate, who promised him a job at Hamilton. He went there, stayed one day, and left for Pennsylvania, where another alumnus had solicited him. He was given the promised job of leaving circulars for the central bureau at the fraternity houses on Walnut and Chestnut streets. At the institution another friend was given precedence to the job, by being more influential, and the boy had to leave Penn. He received a last offer to go to a Southern institution, where the lad held a regular berth on the team. Every month he was paid a salary by the townspeople and alumni that just met his school expenses. Another big Southern team offered the lad a big financial inducement but by that time no mercenary influence could wean him from his university.

Such is the case in more than one instance. Athletes of prep schools are in demand. Alumni form an integral bond with institutions, and proselism starts at home.

Football is a he-man's game. Professionalism is increasing notwithstanding the efforts to drown it. The type of man who plays on these professional teams ranks among the highest. For instance, when I was with the Canton Bulldogs, the greatest "pro" team in the West, there was West, of Colgate; Steele, of Harvard; Kempton, of Yale; Griggs, of Texas. Take Charlie Brickley's New York Giants, which played Alexander, All-American of Syracuse; Dadmun, of Harvard; Jemail, of Brown. Take the Philadelphia Quakers and Miller, of Penn; Youngstrom, of Dartmouth. Buffalo All-Americans had Oliphant, of the Army; Spagna, of Lehigh. Such is the type of American manhood engaged in the professional sport. Shall these athletes be villified?

I can mention a hundred men whom I have played with in college and pro ball, or against personally, from Brickley, of Harvard, to Strupper, of Georgia Tech, and they're all clean.

Is it not possible for men to make a living from professional football, like Brickley, who still dons a moleskin, although almost

bald-headed, or Guyon of Georgia Tech, or Jim Thorpe, of Carlisle?

Football is on the wall. Colleges can take it or leave it. The public, away from the college campus, has long accepted it as in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Canton, Akron, Dayton, Bridgeport and elsewhere.

Somewhere in the bushes is a Simon the Just who can cure the cancer.

DELIRIUM TREMENS OF A LIQUOR HEAD.

Freely the fiery fluid flowed,
Driving dull care away,
From pickled Sam, the human dram,
And this he had to say:

"I was a son of wealth and pomp,
But now I'm a reprobate;
Cursing the day when I got gay
And drank my first phosphate.

"I had money and friends galore,
Whose praise was never stale,
As long as I could satisfy
Their thirst for Ginger Ale.

"My mother said, 'Dear, cut out the near beer,'
But I, in a scornful tone;
Said, 'I know what's in it, and I know my limit—
I can take it or leave it alone.'

"So I parched my lips with vanilla dips,
A cherry and fruit salad;
'Till one bawdy night I came home a sight
And faced my poor old dad.

"'Sammy,' said he, 'I've oft warned thee
From Sundaes to abstain;
As son of mine you must resign—
Never darken my door again.'

"So I left my home the world to roam,
 My hopes were broken in two;
 Look at this sot and you will see what
 The curse of drink will do.

"And my girl, yes, I had a girl,
 Than whom none were more fair;
 She called me a brother but married another,
 Who did not drink or swear.

"She tried her best to curb my zest
 For Grape Juice and Frappe;
 And once I swore I'd drink no more,
 But always sober stay.

"But one wild night to be polite,
 ('Twas in the bleak December),
 I drank a toast to a charming host;
 That's all I can remember.

"And when that day I called on Fay—
 And when we came to grips—
 Oh, Gawd, forgive me, for there was
 A milk shake on my lips!"

Arthur Neale told the Skipper that no remarks should be made concerning women's clothes, as there wasn't enough to discuss.

LITES AND LAUZ

Green Lights

How I hate them,
 Relics of evolution,
 Beacons of dissolution.

Red lights

How I love them,
 Martyrs of evolution,
 Speeders of dissolution.

Blue Laws

How I curse them,
 Have changed the joys of red
 Into the law's green ones.

JOTTINGS ON THE BUNKO WAY

The Bunko Game is shuttling once more despite the work of the Boxing Commission and Tex Rickard. Talk about Barnum—he lived ahead of his time. The Wrestling Trust has him skinned forty different ways. Cash customers galore visited the Garden the other night and the Wrestling Fraternity, with the exception of Stecker, went through their tricks. Zbyszko retained his title, Caddock losing by two falls. We'll see Sfecker vs. Zbyszko, then Lewis and perhaps Marin Plestina. That is, if the Boxing Commission follows Chicago's League and bars the Trust Wrestlers, unless the champion meets Plestina. New York is open for the Trust, but its days are numbered. If Zbyszko is all he claims to be, why hasn't he accepted Rickard's offers of a purse of \$25,000 for a match with Plestina. Otherwise, it behooves the promoters to match the two Zbyszko and for once a shooting match may occur.

Now that Billy Gibson and Tex Rickard are bosom friends again, Leonard is showing at the Garden. The Boxing Fraternity is well pleased since Benny has not played his home town in a long time. Kilbane in the Featherweight Division, and Wilson in the Middleweight, are sitting very uncomfortably, as Harry Greb looks like the next Middleweight Champ, and unless Kilbane don't get too old, his next opponent will most likely be crowned champ. Dempsey is warming up for a scrap—challengers come and go—but there is only one man fit to give him a fight and that is not Tom Gibbons, but a black shadow in the person of Harry Wills, Brady has started the ball rolling. The chances are Tex himself will cop the match since the demands of the cash box fraternity are increasing.

Good Men Go To Waste

If Darwin had spent one half the time observing moonshine as in studying the worms he'd have been given the necessary kick to reach Mars, study Neptune at close range and caused the sisters to Jazza-Ka-Jazza at the pearly gates.

LOONY LETTERS

(Published in the Psychopathic Ward)

Salwashun Arme, Noo Yoik, en y.

Deer Army: Recently (abowt 6 mo. ago) I saw a poster bareing the following inscreeepshun:—"A man may be down OBER hez never out!"—signed "Salwashun Army."

My dead pipples—Hear I am, a honest man, wonst full mit wim wigor and witality. I couldnt raiz mi rent so I got shoved DOWN a flite of stares and kicked OUT into de crool hot woild. A man may be down but hez never out? How do you get dat way.

When I wuz born I did not own a shoelace and all these years I have struggled and at last wen I wuz beginnin to succeed and owned a pair of shoelazes, my luck changed before I could get a pare of shuz.

A man can stand fisic-al suffering but its hard to stand mental suffering. I want to join yor army befour its stew late. Opposit my office lives a handsum maiden who has a habit of standing by her window every mornin dressed in an animal skin (I think they call it Bear) and here I am forced to gaze every mornin carruptin my morals an . . an . . my gosh, sstarible!

Pleez send yore man here to take me away and save my sole. Smooch obli.

Yores truly,

I. M. DUMM.

ROCK HOUNDS OF TOMORROW

Future archeologists probably will decipher the basalt hieroglyphics of the Palisades as follows:

- 1918—Prohibition adopted.
- 1922—First crop of wood-alcohol deaths.
- 1924—Death rate increases.
- 1925—Prohibition enforced by death sentence (100,000 more deaths).
- 1926—Izzy Einstein pinched his ten thousandth bootlegger.
- 1930—Football abolished—too rough.
- 1931—Soviet Russia recognized by U. S. A.
- 1931—Ping-pong adopted as national pastime.
- 1935—Blue Laws forbid automobile riding on Sabbath; horse racing, gambling, boxing, punishable with lethal gas.
- 1940—Exodus of 5,000,000 to Cuba.
- 1945—Exodus of 1,000,000 by aerometer to Mars.
- 1950—1,000,000 died from wood alcohol.
- 1952—Professor Dewdrop discovered moonshine in sunlight. (Punished by death.)
- 1954—10,000,000 hooch hounds emigrated to Guatemala.
- 1955—Germany pays last mark of war debt.
- 1956—Henry Ford's nitrate plant turned out its first batch of fertilizer.
- 1960—Wood alcohol deaths increasing.
- 1975—Last group of anti-wood alcohol drinkers fighting for life on Palisades.

SOLDIER---FORTUNING IN THE TROPICS

SOMETHING that would tickle the old windpipe and bring tears to the eyes was what I sought yesterday. Through streets and hotels I rambled but not a drink of the real stuff was in sight. And then I met Louis Betancourt, a marimba player at one of the Broadway jazz palaces, and it made me think of the first time I ran across him, in revolutionary Guatemala.

Oh that oasis of the western world, Guatemala! I take my^{hat} off to it. Hard to reach, but once there the elixir of life for afflictions of the bronchial tubes.

At the first signs of revolution in that brewing pot, not so many moons ago, I hastened southward. Instructors of the World War were in demand, and the usual thirty days wait of passports was dispensed with by shipping from "N'Awleens" as "ordinary" on the United Fruit boat, Coppename, touching at Belize, British Honduras, and Porta Barrios, Guatemala. It was on that voyage that the Swede bo'sun said I did not have enough sea-brains to fill a gnat's head, and I heartily agreed with him. For company I had another soldier of fortune, Harry Johnson, of Washington, formerly in the navy, who was on a like mission. It was discovered later that his services were nil, for the fleet of the little Central American power did not comprise a bumboat.

IN the harbor of Barrios, lay the converted yacht of Goulds, now the U.S. Gunboat Niagara. From her a detachment of marines and "gobs" had been sent to the capital city to protect the American Legation. But the Blue-jackets who remained were given a heated workout the day we steamed into port, for underneath our hatches we carried 1,000 tons of bunker coal for the gunboat.

We tied up to her and all day the "gobs," stripped to the buff, coaled their vessel. Now and then one of the gunboat's crew would slip below deck of the Coppename, only to return with a suspicious looking bulge on his hip.

The first tropical night in port we were told that the revolution was in full sway. The **unionista** was rising. But there still appeared time for us to emulate Lee Christmas, the Ameri-

can who for many years led the forces of the Republic of Spanish Honduras.

Porto Barrios equals fruit wharf, fruit company warehouses, a hundred stinking nipa huts, two Chinese shops, and a railroad station that links it with the capital city. A miasmic swamp hugs it on one side and a fetid shore on the other, so shallow that vultures stalked about picking gruesome morsels. Here at tidewater mingle transplanted Jamaica niggers and the upland Carib Indians.

With our share of sailor wages in our dungarees, Johnson and I made our way over the duckboard **calles**. Behind the cluster of banana fronds, following the path through the lush growth, we came onto a weathered, unpainted shack distinguished in large letters, "Sailor's Home." What a home it was! Well named for it reaped an annual harvest from which many a sujee worker never saw the briny deep again. Here, a thousand miles south of New Orleans, within the pestilential lands of the tropics, racked the sound from a battered Victrola, a song number popular, **ante bellum**, that I'd heard at the Hoboken docks three years before. A sputtering oil lamp toned the ugliness of naked walls, bare, save for a cheap portrait of Spain's Alphonso.

To the monotonous cackling of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Smiles," and other bygone pieces, the rough floor thumped with the boots of sailormen as they gavorted round with dusky maidens of Mexico and Carib ancestors and forgotten antecedents. The couples swung round and round, shimmying.

When the Victrola wheezed its raucous finis, the dancers and the stags lounged to the bar, where an ugly bloated Mexican wench handed over the refreshments which consisted of a bitter mixture of native lightning, a nickle a shot, or Irish whiskey, Canadian Club, at twenty cents a drink.

The leering faces were too much for Johnson and I, and we made our way to the office of the port **el commandante** and his handful of barefoot Caribs garbed in nondescript overalls with patches of red for epaulets and equipped with a rusty, smooth-bore carbines. I thought of the morrow when we

should be far up in the hills, probably a mark for a Spic's mauser.

Sometime later when the good Irish whiskey had worked from head to toe, Johnson and I retraced our steps to the "Sailor's Home." At our back whispered the heated breath that spells Tropics. But the door of the house was padlocked and the screech of the Victrola was stilled. On account of the revolution all roistering ceased at nine o'clock. Notwithstanding, under the deep shadows of the plantain trees hovered groups. And Johnson caught sight of a comely jade who was dancing a dervish rigadon in the filter of light.

The clothes she had on were a whole lot less than some of the Broadway flappers wear, and then some, and she snuggled up to Johnson; the tropical moon wafted a lullaby to his liquor-seeped head, and then I hurried back to the ship.

At daybreak the two of us tossed our dunnage bags over the port rail onto the dock, and a short time later we slipped through the Commissioner of Customs, hurried to the narrow gauge, where once a day a mixed train of passengers, freight and oil tanks moved across the hills, over the desert, and 5,000 feet above sea level to Guatemala City and the revolution.

(Next month in the midst of the revolution.)

"I'm going to live on Washington Heights," the bride-to-be cried.
"Oh, you'll be on the heights, all right," said her friend.

SCANDAL.

"Scandal" is a new dance craze which gives the impression of a wiggling hesitation, a modern St. Vitus. It starts in the vicinity of the equator and fluctuates north and south, east and west.

F. LAPPER'S BOOZE BLUES

Put the ice on my head;
Put the hot rock on my feet;
Don't let me get cold,
And don't bring me near the heat.

I went out last night
To a big street fair;
We didn't have much fun before,
But we surely got it there.

My head began to spin around,
The lights began to blink;
I don't know what I said or did—
I simply couldn't think.

Four and twenty drinks around,
The boys began to sing;
We went right back into the fair
And took in everything.

I really started talking then;
Told everything I knew;
Where the rum-runners flourished,
And where the marihuanas grew.

I couldn't get my clothes off,
I couldn't catch the bed;
I tried to kiss my hubby
And kissed the floor instead.

I'll take a drink when I find it;
And another if I get it free;
But I'll be gosh-whang-doodled
If I'll go on another spree.

ATHOLL AGAIN

The Duke of Atholl, newly appointed Lord Chamberlain, is the only person entitled to maintain a private army in Great Britain. There are 300 Atholl men in his army.

SCHACHTENS

Love built by a schachten is undone by the rabbi.

JELLY BEANS AND CAKE EATERS

Cap'n Joey:—Your book is full of pep and fear. The stuff we want is not here.

Cambert Rochefort

What do you want for two-bits? The Razzberry?

Dear Cap'n:—Can you give a definition of a cake-eater.
Nova

He ranges in age from eighteen to twenty-five, and would have been called a "sissy" several years ago. He is an affinity of the flapper.

Dear Skipper:—What are the athletic activities of a "cake eater."
Cecil

He could'nt bat .030 on a baseball diamond but he hits .666 on a jazz floor.

O' Cap'n:—Paris has decreed women must change hair-dressing styles so their ears show. I have horrid ears but beautiful—er, you know.
Sylvia Wood

Sylvia: Am very glad you are modest; I would advise that you continue to show your calves and hide your ears.

DADDY DEEPER'S DEMI-TASSE.

Breadwinner Motke Chobat says if you wear 'em high he'd like to stick around.

There are fifty-seven varieties of moonshine, prohibition, revenue officers, but the kick is the only effect.

The pickled dame is not an affinity of the pickled beet.

Jazza-Ka-Jazza is like a hot-house plant—a few warm words in cold weather

Bread may be the staff of life but there are all kinds of staffs.

To choose discretion to valor is, to steal a quart from the deacon's cellar instead of drinking the home brew.

Flaustina in ancient Rome once said that any woman with a husband twenty years her senior must be allowed a lover or two.

What is needed today is another prophet to fortell the duration of the Volstead drought.

Did you ever notice that a girl always observes the other girl, criticizes her clothes, face, figure. This is a woman's prerogative, but let a fellow do it, especially when he's walking with his sweet mamma and he'll mention the mole on her face when as a matter of fact he was admiring a dimple on her knee..

Clothes play a part in Cupid's pranks altho the little fellow goes naked, but does not allow his votaries to do likewise. However, give some of our broads time. Eve made her debut with a leaf and type may yet revert.

The rolled down hose, cigarettes, cosmetics, open-work stockings, are secondary sexual manifestations. Nakedness like Venus coming from the sea would probably sober us.

Chasing chickens will not feather your nest.

Professor Hardpickle's Geometric Equations

Axiom I

A cake-eater and a flapper traveling unequal planes will meet.

Axiom II

A man's wife is his better half.

Postulation I

A bee-line is the shortest distance between Van Wood's drug store and the thirsting population.

Postulation II

The clothes of a flapper stretched both ways will never touch.

Postulation III

A single quart is that which hath many parts and considerable distribution.

IN NEW ORLEANS

If you see my bootlegger down the bayou, you chase him home, yes.

Jazzy-Dizzy-Izzy-Razzbo-Wozo-Jazz-Razz-Dazz.

Cake-eaters new drink—a brunette libido.

Squirrel chasers new food—a blonde sublimation.

Mary's little cat which ate up all the yarn and when the cat had kittens they were born with sweaters on.

I like my liquor strong and my women weaker.

The boys in France found it necessary to master the French language by sleeping with a long-haired dictionary.

Pall-berries are not kin to dingle berries.

COOINGS FROM THE COOTIE CLUB

A flapper may be down but she's never out.

The next dance sensation is the St. Vitus which is a contagious disease with lounge lizards, nickle nurses and wall flowers.

Many cooties love without loving anyone.

The news butcher in the Metropolitan Building says the girls love to buy the cigarettes whos boxes read "Push this end."

Men are known by the company they keep—and some would like worse company.

To illustrate that professors, doctors, and men with appendages to their cognomens are after all only human beings like the rest of this mortal clay, Professor Ralph Culver Bennett, D.C.L., L.L.D. and A.B., rang the doorbell of Professor William H. Carpenter, A.B., Ph.D. (both celebrated in "Who's Who") too long and too brusquely recently. Professor Carpenter hit Professor Bennett with a cane and knocked off an L.L.D.

SAYS VENUS IS DEAD

Professor E. St. John, director of Wilson Observatory, California, asserts that the planet Venus supports no life.—There is a countless horde of the Venus specie on Mother Earth, who, far from being dead, are raising the tombstones with their vivacity, bare knees and southern exposure.

CO-EDS RAISE STANDARD

Co-eds, at Northwestern University have taken advice from Dr. Mary Gilruth McEwen who addressed a Pan-Hellenic meeting. She approved of them rolling a little lower and wearing their skirts a little higher. And don't wear corsets, she reminds them.

The male students unanimously approve and say take 'em all off—their eyes can stand the strain.

JAZZINGS FROM COAST TO COAST

Felix Shay, of East Aurora, whose writing ability makes him the Irish Elbert Hubbard.

Upton Sinclair, of Pasadena, who would rather fight an editor than eat.

Harry Weinberger, Union Square attorney, who dines at the Ritz on Monday and hot tamales with President Obregon by Saturday.

Henry Meyer whose trip to Paris makes him look Frenchy. Chief Alder who played black jack while Tulsa burned.

Ivan Grove, the University of Tulsa star, whose statue has crumbled to dust since he was defeated by a bunch of he-men from high altitude.

George M. Cohan, who returned to the States because he over-looked his flags.

Farmer Lodge, the Minneapolis heavyweight, whose manager forgot to pay his sparring partner the night Carl Morris knocked him for a row.

"JAZZA-KA-JAZZA"

(Pronounced)

New York—Jazzuh-Kuh-Jazzuh.
Boston—Jahzuh-Kuh-Jahzuh.
New Orleans—Jayz-Kuh-Jayz.
San Francisco—Jazzuh-Kay-Jazz.
Hickville—Jazzy-Key-Jazzy.
English—Jawzuh-Kuh-Jawzuh.
French—Zyah-zee'—Kah—Zyah-zah'.
Swedish—Yahzuh-Kuh-Yahzuh.
German—Chahzuh-Kah-Chahzuh.
Hungarian—Jahtzuh-Kuh-Jahtzuh.
Spanish—Hahzuh-Kuh-Hahzuh.
Irish—Jaizes-Kph-Jaizes.
Hebrew—Izzy-Kah-Izzy.

WHEN HUBBY IS AWAY

Poor Jack—I slept all last night with him. My husband's out of town, but I'm afraid that Jack is going to die. I love to have him snuggle close to me these winter nights. I had the doctor over twice, but he doesn't hold hopes for him. When I called him by name this morning he feebly wagged his tail.

**MARK ANGRY'S SPEECH
OVER THE BODY OF J.
(CAESAR) BARLEYCORN**

MARK:

"Friends, Rum 'Uns, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Whiskey; and to praise it!
The alcohol men drink lives after them
The 'wood' is oft interred with their bones;
(Remember Christmas!) So let it be with Whiskey,
For Whiskey was an honorable drink—
So were they all—all honorable drinks,
The old Martinis—little Puss-Cafes—
Manhattans, rickeys, Old Jack Roses too,
Which bloom no more! Alas, upon the vines,
Where grapes have run now feeds the placid cow,
And bar-rooms with the sawdust on the floor,
(And patrons, too, anon) are closing up;
Where once the brown, ecstatic hops held sway;
Where once the bodied bourdon parked its kick,
Where once the muses ruled—alas is now
An arid desert, rented out to those
Who operate the cigar stores and the like;
Oh, God, that I should live to see such times,
With Union Squares honorable dumps—
(So are they all—all honorable dumps)
A market place for chain-shop shirts and such;
Or e'en for food and steaks, though succulent:
Yon Charlie hath a lean and hungry look,
Such men are dangerous, they bet too much,
Upon the dogs that run around the track.
Let me have men about me who are fat,
Fat-heads, like John, who play the register
In which they place the wealth of customers,
By touch, while ringing up the daily sales,
Although they've made a million since July,
We grudge it not, although we often fear,
He's sold us Bevo claiming it was beer."

(Alarms and excursions—to the bar—without.

Enter hautboy, bearing REAL BEER!)

CHORUS OF GUESTS:

"Glorious Beer, ah, would that I could sink
My muzzle in thy foam for years to come;
Here, boy, a cup of Sack—I'm dry as dust,
We'll drink the stuff until we're like to bust!"

(Waiters fill the flagons while patrons
weep quietly in a corner.)

MARK:

"Now on this night when all the gods do weep,
I'll call upon the mourners here by name;
Some few may have a tearful word to say,

For one, whose head has long been white
Whose 'indoor tan' is of the bourbon brand;
Or of the overwhelming paunch,
He buys it not, and yet he drinks it still;
And—while the stuff's procurable—he will!"
(Alarms without; enter Hinky Dinks in great haste.)

HINKY DINK

"Good Gentlemen, give heed! Calamity,
Hath settled on my unsuspecting head;
Downstairs but now, while patrons I did serve,
With fine distilled liquors from my stock,
(Twas noble liquor, gentlemen, be sure,
Half varnish and half hair oil, of per cent.
As high as any bourbon ever sold)
I thought, since 'twas the Wake of Barleycorn,
I'd break a rule and pour a lib'ral drink,
And so I said "When" to two old guys,
Who've been my customers these many months—
And now the one is dead upon the floor.
His heart gave out beneath the shock, 'tis said,
While t'other pours my bonded whiskey out,
Until it overflows upon the bar,
And laughs insanely as he sees it run.
And neither will say "When!" Ah woe is me,
I do regret the guy who died, forsooth,
But I regret the other baby more,
Who pours and laughs to see it on the floor!"
(Rushes sobbing from the room and disappears
below, where presently the sound of ghoulish laughter
is stilled by the sounds of a shot.)

MARK (Continuing):

"Oh, judgment, thou bast fled to brutish breasts.
And men have lost their reason—and their booze;
There sits the mark of an unquenched woe,
Too deep for utterance. And too!
No more the heels will climb,
With drunken tread, the Mont Marte's stairs at night!
(Pointing to the corpse of J. B.)
"Here he lies;
The friend of man who's lifted man's estate,
Above the carking cares that bind the world!
See what a dent Old Casca Bryan made,
And here is where the knife of Anderson,
Did rend our noble friend. And here's the wound,
Oh, weep for Caesar, ye who've tears to shed,
While the country in sorrow hides its head!"
(Chorus of guests, hosts and supernumeraries to
the air of the Dead March")

UNDER THE VILLAGE CHESTNUT TREE

Greenwich Village Knights—one of them was found full after the Webster Hall soiree and wended his way to Izzy Einstein's cellar to become fuller. To date he hasn't returned and the admission must be, he found pleasant company.

He was a patriarch in skullcap as he ambled across Washington Square. Under his breath he mumbled: "Piece of eight—pieces of eight," a la Stevenson. At last he paused in the lee of the Brevoort where he fell on his knees and licked the pavement. About him was the broken bottle of precious three star Hennessy.

A village equation: Brushes and palette equal ham and eggs.

Might is Right says the villager who sees the man she wants and keeps him.

The apertif absorbers hereabouts, are few during the days of the drought.

Frank Shay says he wouldn't put Jazza-Ka-Jazza even under the radiator with the Quill. He knows a warm baby when he sees one.

The Wandering Jew left his Broadway abode to meet one of the Grena (dears) behind the Rose Bush in The Bamboo Forest. He was going to give her a Pagan paen when he heard The Pig and Whistle of The Mad Hatter. The Redhead of the Greenwich Villager sneaked on him and Shay-ed him to The Green Witch in The Pirates Den who mounted him on the Blue Horse of Christines and he fell Three Steps Down to the Greenwich Village Inn where gathered the Jolly Friars of Greenwich Village Nights on The Hearthstone. They thrust him in The Pepper Pot with the Purple Pup stuck full of Quills and The Green Feather in the Blue Bird. The Village Weavers from the Black Cat with Washington Mews proved a T.N.T. in disguise and a Fifth Avenue bus from Romany was Blue Paradise of Sonias to carry the Wandering Jew uptown to The Demi-Virgin.

VILLAGE ADVANCEMENT

Newspapers, peridocials and slummers sporatically criticize the ways of the Village. To the uninitiated the cognomen Greenwich is synonomous of a sin-fest Gehenna, of Bachallilian orgies where creeds, philosophy and morals are scattered to the winds. But the concrete exhibition presents itself in the light that law and order reigns. In fact there is a tendency of radical feminists to marry the fathers of their offspring. Baby carriages have become a radical institution. In the ranks are many who have become tax-payers, possessors of marriage licenses and other habliments of custom impedimenta.

Erysiplas, the Cap'n's dog robber, bemoans the fact that he cleans the cuspidor, picks the typewriter, sweeps the floor and drinks the drinks moonshine drummers leave, and uses all the dead head dance tickets.

The other night he went to Cynthia's Ball in which all the Villagers frolicked. The Cap'n didn't go, as he hadn't been able to waken since his army buddies, Rock and Rye, put him to sleep. This was the terse version of Erysipalas:

"Good time, everyone. Lots masqueradors. Lots liquor. One fellow tiger-skin on only. Tiger slip. He look like Adam. One girl saw, said, keep out cat, the canary's out"

BOOTLEGGING BOOKLEGGERS

Censorship of books probably will come in the Prohibition wake. Bootlegging books will be the business of those wishing to tempt the Devil. Moonshine printing machines will be hunted in the wilds of Greenwich Village. Village attics will be pillaged for bootleg booksellers. Off Ambrose Channel ships from foreign shores will be open for those wishing to imbibe in illicit moonshine-book entertainment. Authors will ply their nefarious vocation far from the scent of hooch-hounds. Havana and Montreal will be the mecca for the thirsty word chasers. Booksellers will be prohibited from dispensing near books containing one-tenth of one per cent kick. Illicit book bars will handle books at bootleg prices.

April Fools—slummers to Chinatown.

Jellybeans and cake-eaters are living off the fat of the land now that the tax has been taken from ice cream and sodas.

To scintilate with sun-maids it is necessary to eat raisins.

Chinese Costumes Make Bootlegging Disguises

At the recent Greenwich Village dance at Webster Hall, some of the natives **de femme** tripped past the pure blue-coat tricked out in capacious, Chinese costumes. Once inside the hall the Oriental costume was discarded for ultra-modern, and proved to be a magazine for the thirsty. The net results were that painted butterflies on the epidermis of the damosels would have shamed the famous Mesopotamian leaf. One live butterfly actually fluttered from the terra firma of a radiant and pink skin and 20-20 vision was not lacking. Some Villagers, costumed as Mother Eve were festooned with heaps of fig-leaves.

Villagers inaugurated the fashion of bobbed hair and rolled hose and folks spoke of the sophistry of the Square. Nowadays all flappers cut 'em as close and roll'em as low as possible and the laymen term it advancement.

A Villager who is a genius with the cornet and at the same time somewhat of a jackass, on every occasion he blows, his room is brayed with jazz.

A Villager's Conception

The Milky Way is only another Prohibition evolution and the Pleiades, a second Bronx Cocktail. Then, too, the Great Dipper is certain to become full when Venus, with grisly Neptune peering from his maritime depths, disrobes at sunrise. Blood-thirsty Mars and Father Jupiter probably will tarry in the Eclipse of the Moon at the Great Bear rendezvous. While the Northern Lights are trimmed down the two will battle for possession of the Goddess of the Dawn. Wicked, wild and wooly Aureleus Borealis, from the frozen north, will yearn zenithward to estrange evanescent Southern Cross. During the long hours of darkness the Moon will nestle in the lap of Mother Earth and in the morn the Sun is born.

Carlo Buggs was admitted to the insane asylum yesterday. He went nutty when he sent a story to a magazine and they accepted it.

JAIL HOUSE BLUES

I lay in the jail with my face to the wall,
 And a red-headed woman was the cause of it all.
 He sat on the brewer's wall and his feet touched booze.—
 Longfellow

Love is never mutual—one loves and the other consents to be loved.

On Easter many women will attend church more to be seen than to see.

MONTREAL, WE HEAR YOU CALLING

From Montreal comes the information that the Quebec Liquor Commission will open a wine shop for women, managed by members of the fair sex.

FLAPPERS FLOPPED

Professor Herman Horne of New York University says that a flapper is a person who prefers ignorance to the truth, who can dictate to her parents at home, who has a conscience which does not bother her, who prefers to learn the seamy side of life from experience.—

It is the belief of Jazza-Ka-Jazza that the professor forgot his spectacles the day he cogitated on the flapper.

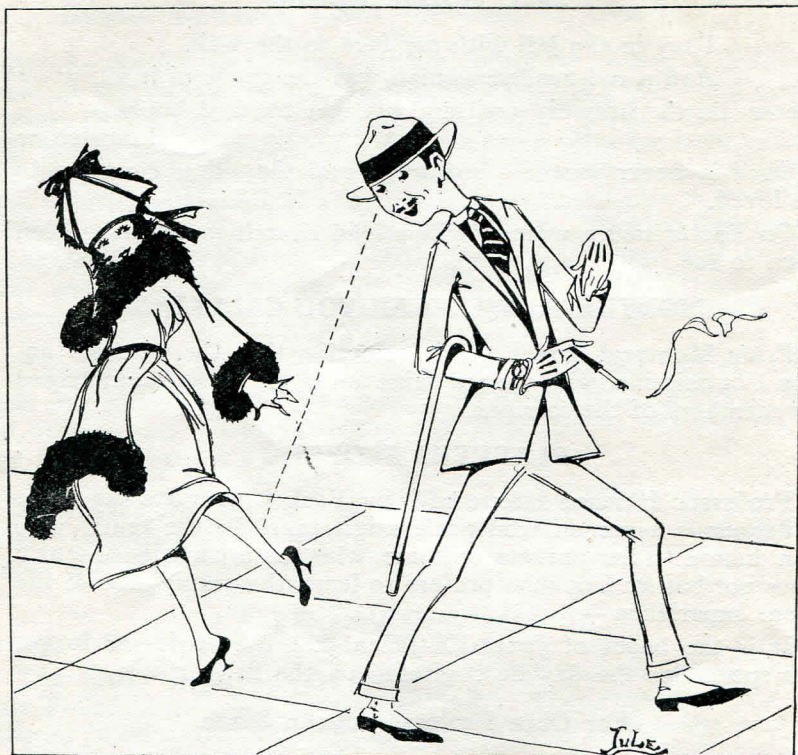
For Once Professor Spoke Sense

Dr. Elizabeth Thelberg, instructor in physiology at Vassar College said, **"I know nothing prettier than the calf of a young woman."**

A man's hip is his castle.
 A man's cellar is his fort.
 A man's distillery is his keeper.

Celeste says she gained ten pounds on her vacation.

Many a man who can hardly be induced to write to his mother will take chances of getting shot by writing to another man's wife.



THE JAZZHOUND ON BROADWAY

It's a couple months since Eva Tanguay, of the "I don't care" fame, graced the boards anew. From accounts, Eva has been "knocking" 'em cold and the wonder is how soon one of the corn-feds come to town and think they saw a chicken.

Ted Lewis, the Original Jazza-Ka-Jazza king, and Doraldina, famous hula-hula dancer pulled their stuff keen the other night at the new house of Jazz that Ted has opened at 52nd and 7th Avenue. Ted was better than the occasion I last saw him in, the Greenwich Village Follies, but Doraldina—words can not describe her efforts, with that hula-hula dance, fish net garment, exposing all the rotunds and ensembles of the things artists talk about more than they paint.

What a lot of movie folks there are in the hotels and clubs. Hollywood must be depopulated, or New York's raisin wine is the lure that draws Los Angeles celebrities. The Arbuckle case, although considerably hushed down, still is the most interesting movie topic of the day.

Headhunting is the same on Broadway or the Phillipines. Heads no longer count. It's legs.

The Jazzhound met genial Van Woods of Baton Rouge the other day. He is fat, forty and faultless, but at his age he ranks as one of the best gridiron players in the United States. Van's business is running a drug store, but between times he plays poker in the Elk's Club across the way, and bets on the University's Eleven. Once he bet everything but his shirt. For years the position of stake-holder was his, and his genial countenance has unarmed the opposing holder that he would be so nefarious as to take any more of the line than is his due. In such a manner Van has pilfered inches that have won many a game. More power to Van.

Certain stage and society queens carry perfumed monkeys, and there probably are many who would be willing to pet those monkeys.

The other day the Jazzhunter walked into a Broadway music store and the first thing too catch his eye was, "A Kiss in the Garden of Love," for 25c. A little further on he came to "Tuck me to Sleep" for 20c., than "What Can a Girl Do" for 15c., "I Wonder" for 10c., and way over in the corner, "Everybody's Doing It" for 5c.

HE KNEW HIS STUFF

Ben Franklin said: "Let thy maid servant be strong, faithful and homely.

JAZZING AROUND

It is Jazzed about:

That a certain "Married Woman" known as the "Green Goddess," but not classed as one of the "Foolish Wives" with "Face Value" only, has turned "Demi-Virgin."

That a "Sailor Made Man" is successfully following "The Chocolate Sailor."

That "Captain Applejack" has acted "The Perfect Fool" with the wife of "The Grand Duke" who has now Brought "A Bill of Divorcement" against the "Wild Cat."

That "Bombo" has, "Just Married" "Anna Christie" and "The Critics" says there is great "Danger" they won't "Get Together."

That "Bluebeard's 8th Wife" thru "Lawful Larceny" obtained her glad "Rags" by stripping "The White Peacock."

That "The Grim Comedian"—"He Who Gets Slapped" has caught "Tangerine" and is now forced to "Shuffle Along."

That "The Pigeon"—"Marjolain" in "Frank Fay's Fables" after a "Midnight Frolic" in "The Nest" of another bird, forever after kept on making a peculiar noise that seemed to sound like "Thank U."

That "The Voice from the Minaret" says "The Czarina" is still alive incog. on "The Varying Shore" with "Bulldog Drummond" and "Orphans of the Storm."

That "The Squaw Man" has been seen on the "Dover Road" with "Sally" and "Ki-Ki."

That during "A Red Hot Romance" last "Saturday Night" the "Wild Cat" was on "Pins and Needles."

That when the "Mountain Man" with his "Six Cylinder Love" came down "In May" to indulge in "The Village Follies" the "Lilies of the Field" sang their "National Anthem"—"Good Morning Dearie" and played for him on their "Music Box" until he was "Up in the Clouds."

BLOO LAW BLUES

THE deep-eyed son of a gun, dumped in the sewer all the rum, all the hootch, all the hootch but one. A quart of old booze that hit his eye, quick of hand he hid on the sly—bottle of old aged-in rye. Hidden from the ken of day, slopt his entrails in a deadly way, made from the weed that grows like hay. Thus ends those who lie and die, whose mouths slobber with pigs in a sty, pervaricate and shout and cry. To old Blue Law Prohi it befell to travel far from the churchly bell, the slimy skids of path to Hell—Dante' Inferno league below—Reno this large domain of Satan below, quart by dinosaurs of long ago; Satan markt the path the led where Prohis are forbidden to tread—the haven of forgotten dead.

Beside a still a group did quaff—Merry Falstaff, Poe with joy and laugh, Nero and Rip Winkle with his staff; Cleopatra from the Nile, robed in but a 'Gyptian smile, nest close with Anthony awhile. Here lounged mighty Hercules, on grassy couch with amorous Cerces, in close embrace that lets love not cease. Loving beneath Plutonic Sun, as back in Eden in year of one, Adam and Eve in leaf-less fun. Samson and King Lionhearted, drank English ale before they parted. Then King took Rowena instead. Sheba and wise Solomon renewed the tryst of Jerusalem beneath great cedars from Lebanon. Louis Fourteenth, with eight women—garbed but with a lone ribbon—in Satan's bath splashed in swimmin'; wore Rex but his royal diadem, ladies clothed 'neath tree with Adam—made a sprig's young heart a-gladden. While Jasper fed his thirsting Fleece golden pearls of Kaintuck's late demise bringing life to her mummy decease. And such was the ghetto that knew not a virgin, in the abode of those who sin, no man toiled or had to spin.

"Be gone," cried Satan, "PROHI, hence, or rots your carcass on yon fence; my domain hold but honest tents."

Escorted to Saint Peter's seat in highest vault of bluish sheet, where labor starts by bathing feet; prithe Censors had started well—ceased all chant, song, and bell, and angels sought to bide in Hell. O, the pearly gates are pearly no more; Blue Law censors deemed it was gore, white-washed bright and down tinsel tore. The heavenly twins who once went nude, in sackcloth sadly construed, that makes each seem a scarecrow dude. High heavens once a livid blue, wears deepest funeral hue, and to the dead all's well as its due. Here PROHI mopes each day, moans and moans, tries to pray an ode to Satan far away. Thus ye PROHIS and Blue Laws blue, so shall ye cringe, just you, only you; for Hell secures but Heaven's due. Forsaken of men—jest of all, enter highest Sahara's thrall, to seep your soul like bitter gall.

Her crimsoned lips were treasure ships,
Until he took a notion;
He found her lips but painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

FRUM BROADWAY 2 TEXIS

To My Frend Red in Taxis:

High bawls that u drink, bawls that u go 2 at 2 per m. on the dance floor, and basebawls that u hear about now that the giants r slipping their rookies 2 Taxis. i expectorate that u will see sum of the worms that McGrub haz found in the Bushes. 1 or 2 uv them r basebawl players but sum r gude bench warmers. now that's the kinde of intertainmint i hav had sinz i rote u last. mi grazing range hear iz frum Bowerie, ware all the bums hang out 2 the bronks ware awl the millyunares aught 2 b. tHat's a grate plais the Bronks spetiully rohnde one hundred forty 8 streets. & 3 av. ware billy gibson hu nose a pricefiter or a horse wen he seez 1 & man McCullough uv racing faime live. Wel the olde days wen a knickle wuz a pint iz gone ounde five Points or wat ust 2 b it. it reminds mee uv wun wurd in a ded language—sloe gin fizz. wich cumfort iz maid up bi sum nifty hefers hear. if thay taik offe mour awl thay will have left iz a buity marke i sea sum hear that im thinking thet the funktion uv the stummuk iz 2 holde up the petticoat. i went to 14 teenth strt. ware u and I ust 2 hang oute in the olde deys befour wee went to taxis. Its sow ded now that Mister Mayer Hylan kudent finde a live guy at Tammany haul unless Kroker kum back. Union sQuare hotel wot ust 2 b kean iz nowe a 2 rater. hubers museum is goun. thare aint no roobs 2 trim or dek hands to josh. theyve goun just lik Tom Shar key and tony Pastor. the janess wea ust 2 meat go oute four a gude time u bet but the olde gag dont wurk. but they hav mooved 2 brook Lyn & want u to giv them the city Haul with keas and awl just 2 sea them home. after awl it goez 2 show that gras is gras. Wauking down the Bowerie 2day i saw several Stores showing kopper stills & worms aul ready for the moonshyne bisness. imagine seein that, say in Burkburnett or dallas. thares a gang of uptown bimBois hear hooz wildest dissipation is OrAnge pekoe. thares a guye MacFarland hoo runs the joint at tyson tiket office on 7 avenoo. wot he dont know bout broadWay aint much. A damphool just tole mee they solde the plaice ware the 1st Bronks kocktail wuz maid. aul thay gott wuz 10 iron men. kin u beat it & i thirsting foar a drink uv anything Strongur than Hoarse-radish. An irishman frum russia named gest iz putting on a legie

shoa and he gets away with moar than the demi-virgin did after thay tuke the demi oute. i think i'll goa uptown 2 sea this hoziury display so i'l rite u wen the staTue of libErty spits,

PAL

A NITE IN THE UNDERGROUND RIALTO

"Gentlemen, and those who formerly were called such," admonished Satan to his audience seated in Pluto's fireproof, asbests playhouse, "following the moving pictures we will have a reading from the latest news items, just shot over the A. P. wires and translated into all foreign languages including the profane."

With the words Satan disappeared in the hae of cigarette smoke, returning at the close of the moving pictures, which depicted Theda Bara fingering a Jew's harp at the pearly gates. Satan was tricked out as a Puritanic disciple of the 18th century. He was garbed in funeral black, stove-pipe hat and all the other habiliments of a Chicago undertaker. Under his arm he carried a scroll of non-inflammable parchment, which he slowly unrolled, and read:

"This is the awful and odious story of 'Snitcher' which has been 'panned' on earth in dealing with the demi-virgin number of Jazza-Ka-Jaza. In our tale we see Milady Snitcher avidly reading the Jazza-Ka-Jazza. Her small, piggish eyes gloat with unholy glints as they pounce on the poor coal driver episode, old in the days when Bryant first sampled the grape juice bottle. We see Master Snooper, the he-snooper of the Snooper family. When he receives the enlightenment of the condemned document he turns it over to I. M. A. Snitcher, the village fish-hound, who enters at the moment.

"The two cry, "Have you seen the coal-man?"

"I. M. A., momentarily taken off his guard, answers, "The coal-man—why you must think I'm in Hell and need a fire."

"At the moment Satan's audience rends a stage-laugh, but the Keeper of the Lower Lodge continues:

"The two allow I. M. A. to read the document. Milady Snitcher is at one side and gazes at the copy with anxiety, her hands trembling perceptibly. At last, unable to contain her suspense, she snatches at the publication, crying: 'Herè, let me read it again, I must tell my husband. This is awful.'"

"Over her shoulders the two read the article and speak the lines aloud, playing over the words as though syllables were sweet and toothsome. The trio leave the scene, still reading the magazine."

Puritanic Satan paused in his tale, placed the scroll of parchment in the hidden folds of his coat tails, and looking upward, a tear behind his be-spectacled glasses, cried:

"O damned and condemned, let us pray—for the poor coal man."

JAZZING 'ROUND

Breezed into Reisenwebber's the other evening to see Frisco and you should have seen him do the "Jazza-Ka-Jazza."

Jumping Jazzbo! How LeRoy Smith's Jazzhounds backed him in.

Did you say "Hilda Gray? Jazz-zooks! Just drive me to the Rendezvous anytime and let me see her shake in her "Jazza-Ka-Jazza."

Jazzed to the St. Nicholas Rink where my friend Jo. Woodward is the jazzing leader of the orchestra. Judging from the requests he received he's a Jazz-hound on and off duty.

Morton Dennison and his Society Orchestra at Healy's Balconades play some wicked tunes. Mort is known as the violin vamp. **The flappers say** that Charlie Allan and his orchestra at the Clarendon, 135th Street, can "Jazza-Ka-Jazza" "so nice."

Lanin's Roseland Orchestra packed them in the night I tried to dance, and what blooming rose-buds he does attract.

NEWSY JAZZINGS

If you must pick a lemon, girls, pick one you can squeeze—San Francisco Chronical.

A hunchback took a drink of prohibition hooch the other day and straightened up.—N. Y. American.

A raw egg will clear the voice and a rank egg will clear the stage.—San Francisco Chronical.

Prior to the great drought a drink was a drink. Now a drink is a drunk.

The egotistic young thing who had lately turned nineteen, in reply to the male clown who had passed through her life several years before, wrote him: "You ought to know me now; I was ever less interesting than I am now." To which he replied: "So was Eve before she bit the pippin."

Discarded Music Record.

"Tuck Me to Sleep" by Jack Dempsey and Bee Palmer.

(Every month the keenest jazz number on Broadway will be published. Jazz writers must submit their songs early to secure participation. Martin Conroy's number wins the split pajamas this month.)

THE JAZZY "JAZZA-KA-JAZZA" JAZZ

Come on and dance the Jazzy "Jazza-Ka-Jazza,"
It makes your body shiver and sway.
Don't let it deceive you—
Your feet want to leave you;
You waddle and toddle—Oh, What do you say?
Come on and dance the Jazzy "Jazza-Ka-Jazza,"
It sounds just like the Jazziest Jazz.
Oh! It's the craziest cabaret craze.
It puts your head in the dizziest daze;
Come on and dance the Jazzy "Jazza-Ka-Jazza,"
The Jazzy "Jazza-Ka-Jazza Jazz."

Copyright by Martin Conroy

MI-LADY'S GARTER

It reposes under the ash pile,
The rubbish man to cart away;
The prop that stayed the silken sheen
Has passed from the ken of day.

It once held a shimmering paen,
A loveliness that possesses;
And snuggled deep from wolfish glance,
For Beauty that charmingly blesses.

Oft peered from its lofty bower,
On neat slipper o'er waxen floor,
Where tripped Mi-Lady with twinkling toe,
In golden days of forgotten yore.

In funeral shroud the garbage barge,
Will slip it down the sea,
And be dumped on the green, green waves,
Lost forever to you and me.

Crossed limbs display a dimpled knee,
Where a garter once proudly shone;
And the silken hose but tops the calf—
For Mi-Lady now rolls her own.

Want Ad

Will the party who took the demi-john from my den please return same and no questions will be asked of disposition of the contents.—Cap'n Joey.

FIVE THOUSAND PROPOSALS

Edith Thayer, well known diminutive musical comedy and light opera star of "Fire-fly" and "Katinka" fame has just returned from a sensational success in Europe where it is said she received 5,000 proposal of marriage.—Atta girl, Edith, it only proves that the boys over there still like 'em small.

Abe Attel, former pugilistic champion, is scoring a "comeback" by knocking out a Japanese shoe palace on B'way, called the "Ming Toy."

Mean flanks are being shook at jazz palaces on B'way.

An Eastsider wants to divorce her husband because he eats matzos in bed. She shouldn't let a matzo stand between her and her better half.

NOTICE TO AUTOMOBILISTS

Never strike a lady in the safety zone.

Heard in Auld Lang Syne—Another dime in the piano, boys.

In the Provincetown Players "A Little Act of Justice," by Norman Lindau was displayed an effective scene of rough mountain ways, where might is right. However, there always will be the criticism that dishonor must not mean death of the guilty. Atonement in life forms a Samaritan method that would have done Mr. Lindau as well.

Erie Railroad and Pluto water—two roads that work slow, but regular.

Eat onions and you sleep alone. Many people do not eat onions but their wives hoped they would.

POVERTY OF RICHES.

A Schooner off Ambrose Channel loaded with Jamaica Rum and no booze hounds on the horizon.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE SPORTLETS

(With apologies to McGurk.)

First off I will start by asking good old Billy Gibson to drape batik curtains from the side of the ring when Benny Leonard fights, as I believe it will give a cheerful atmosphere to the fallen.—And Billy can drape the Criterion, too, for that matter.

Met my old sparring partner, Kiddo Celeste at the Claridge the other night. Kiddo still throws a mean calf. Her next bout will be at Snake's tea-room on the Avenue. Ten rounds of tea to a decision.

A young male with the Percy Spindoza to his handle, blowing in from Spain, got fresh the other night, and I hit him for a Spanish omelet. I gave him a right cross, to illuminate the opposites of the curves he was admiring.

That reminds me of the first time I knocked out a fish-cake Bimbo who hangs out at Roseland.

Spring will be here shortly and the Giants will start for the South for training. Wish I could be there for the grass is green and-everything.

This must be all for Cap'n Joey, as I've got to do my hair up, and put on my new openwork stockings. I've a date with a keen Jazzbo from Newark, and I expect it will be some go.

The Frantik Koodoo, pre-Volstead species of antelope, jumped the fence at Bronx Zoo and started for the shortest point between Madagascar and the Congo River, but brave Izzy Einstein, the milk-fed hero, went straight to ———, and returned with four fingers of Three Star Hennessy. The perfume was wafted to the nostrils of the Koodoo and the corrupt beast followed him back to captivity.

People who live in glass houses should not love too strenuously.

Relativity and Einstein are not in communication with Izzy.

We are as troubled as our sorrows are twisted.

Her First Faint

Fanny and Hector started the evening in the usual way by going to a movie—

Then Hector suggested a ride.

Fanny agreed.

When they got out in the country, they didn't get out. But he stopped the car.

Fanny fainted.

She knew perfectly well why he had stopped, but she asked:

"Why are you stopping?"

He might have given any one of the usual reasons. Instead of that he told the truth.

"I'm going to kiss you."

Then Fanny fainted.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

First Steno in Woolworth Building: Did he kiss you last night?

Second Steno in Woolworth Building: Sure; that's the reason I was late to work this morning.

Full many a keg of purest hue and sheen,
In some unfathomed stilly spot lies there;
Full many a quart is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the village heir.

Something more concerning Elinor Glyn and her English folk by Taine, who says: "The so-called best society in England is notoriously corrupt and frigidly religious; a premium on hypocrisy and having no virtues of its own, it shrilly cries virtue."

By F. Lapper

Don't talk to me of men; I have kissed them, hugged them and lied to them. They always want something for nothing.

Bystander: "What's the crowd for?"

Policeman: "They've pinched Cap'n Joey for giving Izzy a drink of Village Dew."

PHONEY FABLES

by Erysipelas

Once upon a time there was a bum-bill bee who had been busily buzzing around until the wee hours of the morning, sampling the different brands of home brew. Feeling rather dizzy and losing his sense of direction he made his bed on a clover and temporarily forgot his troubles.

Some hours later a cow strolled by, and not seeing the bee, swallowed the clover (bee and all.) When the bee woke up in the cow's stomach, all was dark. Thinking it still night he went to sleep again. A half hour later the bee woke up—but the cow was gone, and the bum-bill bee went busily buzzing around ever afterward.

MORAL:—Heaven will protect the drunkard.

A. No. 1, General Coxey and Socrates are the best known wanderers.

Many lounge lizards have risen from the duce of spades to the ace of rakes.

A sweet lip is worth a slap.

As starch turns to gluten, pity will turn to love.

When your shirt is torn, your socks are holey, your pants are worn out, you need a shave, your hair is long, your money's gone, your friends are nil—you remember the days that were, and the few who still stand by you are higher to be prized than the pride of the Sultan's harem or the best barrel of Kentucky's aged-in-the-wood.

Berenice, Drusilla, Salome, Herodias, Messaline, Cleopatra, would have found this a wonderful age to ply their trade.

ARTHUR NEALE'S JAZZES

"Don't breathe this to a soul," said the waiter as he brought the demi-tasse.

We know a man who's so mean he writes in shorthand to save ink.

When you see a hooch-drinker walking around in circles, its a sign that he's been drinking vodka. Five hundred revolutions to the bottle.

"This is another put-up job," said the paperhanger as he slapped on the wall-paper-

Other day we discovered where the First National Bank had moved to.

We know a man who's got so much nerve that he'd take a dollar's worth of stamps from the postal clerk and tell him to send the bill.

"I'm at your service, madam," said the burglar as he slipped the silverwear into the suit case.

He used to take his sister's hose and into socks he'd make 'em. But when he buys silk hose today—her turn's arrived to take 'm.

Overheard up in Harlem: "Boy! I'll make you see so many stars you'll think you're up in the Milky Way."

We know a man who's so careful he'll register the letter if he's enclosing a two cent stamp.

A girl says that with silk hose at \$3.00 a pair she wears short skirts to show what she gets for her money. If this lady was consistent she'd show other things that cost more than the stockings.

"Excuse me for taking this liberty," said the jail-breaker as he dropped lightly on the right side of the prison wall.

If a cow has children we call her offsprings calfs. If we called them kittens, loud would be the laffs. When a cat has children, kittens is the name. If we called them puppies—you'd laugh just the same.

The best dates come from Vassar and fig-leaves will soon be in season.

OUR LIVES

But seven cities of Cibola, haunting, taunting, fleeting; A mirage of Coranado's—

IN QUEST

Of the will-o-wisp that hovers as a Spanish castle beyond the door.

NO ADVANCEMENT

King Solomon said: "There are three things I never could understand; the birds in the air, the fish in the sea, and the way of a man and a maid."

A WORD FROM MOTKE CHOBAT

"That Coze Cazoozié is good," said Chobat of the Eastside, attempting to decipher "Jazza-Ka-Jazza," "but my mazuma is better."

Volstead found the United States an oasis and will leave it a desert.

To the unknown soldier—nameless in his shroud—may he forever haunt the shirkers who have reaped his prosperity.

A well-turned ankle caught the eye of Boccaccio and today tired business men are still doing his stuff.

He don't drink any more; he drinks as much.

When she dances she trods a saraband to his passions.

Beauty marks will be popular as the girls feel that they ought to wear something.

Three steps down, amber-colored curtains; obscure doorway; has appearance of the village; isn't. Its the first smoke shop for women, situated off Fifth Avenue, where they can throw their corsets into the corner, stick their pumps on the mantle-piece and not be scared of a peeping Tom.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

—Byron

DRIFTINGS OF AGES

Fairest of flowers
Bloom by the hours
To sow,
To sow,
To sow.

Life though the heart bleeds
Sown wide with chaste seeds
All one,
All one,
All one.

The mark of deceit
Mires cloven feet
And cling,
And cling,
And cling.

Love swayed by lust
Kneels in the dust,
But clay,
But clay,
But clay.

For ashes of old
Are roue's gold
To sin,
To sin,
To sin.

Virgin yesterday
Drooping to-day
To wilt,
To wilt,
To wilt,

Siftings of Sodom
Lie at random
And blow,
And blow,
And blow.

Conscience of soul
The major role
Within,
Within,
Within.

For sinners 'tis gall
Who ken the call
But stray,
But stray,
But stray.

But heaven or hell
The final knell
For all,
For all,
For all.

We cannot forget our pasts.

Erysipelas's flapper recently wrote him as follows: "I see you're in the village now. Please don't mix up with any I. W. W's., or Bolsheviki—they are so rough. The "Greenwich Village Follies" played here Saturday and some of those girls were terrible. If they're fair representatives of our Latin Quarters, I'm not worried about you. Or do I flatten myself like a steam roller."

She did.

Years ago Greenwich Villagers inaugurated bobbed hair and short skirts, and like parrots the world has followed. Now the Newark high school girls are attempting to outdo the Village standards and are displaying bare knees—not knock knees, but shock knees.

Home brew—the last of life for which the first was made

CROSSED WIRES

"Ahlo! Ahlo! Operashun, oporashun, ahlo, is dits de middle? I vant Stuyvesant fife too nine zicks. yeh. smuch obli. Ahlo, iz dits de Cowenshun? I vant to talk to Mr. Cowenshun.

"Ahloh! Mr. Cowenshun? Pleased to meechea. How do you do it. Vat? Hoo is dits vat is talkin? Vat? Hoo is dits? Vell, Mr. Cowenshun, if you'll tell me whos det, I'll tell you wohs dits.

"Vat? Dits aint Mr. Cowenshun? He aint in? All right I'll talk mit his sacertary.

"Ahlo, Miss Denyals? Dits is Mr. Slushmen. Nomem, s-l-u-s-h-m-ah hem hee hem—Slushmen, yesmem.

"I got it a cowanshun hend I vant a rate. No, not a date, smetter mitchoo, I'm a married mens, zuul a schwartz yur chrappin de, you making from me a floit? I vant a rate. Rate—r-a-t-e. No, not de gate. Say, listin here, young ladeh, your a nize goil, und I like you, ober vash your ear. Vat? You don't drink beer? Whos talking about beer. I didn't say nothin. Vat. I should say sumpin? Say, gimme Mr. Cowenshun, I vant to talk mit yourn boss. You told me before he waz not in. Dats right. Den ven he comes in told him to call me up und if I'm not in I'll tell him vat time I'll be beck."

The citizens of Athens caused poor Socrates to drink Hemlock and a few more reformers will yet make us drink gall.

GREENWICH VILLAGE NIGHTS

(This is the second tale of Greenwich Village Nights recounted in quaint Henry's coffee house, a stone's throw from Washington Square. Once a month four Villagers meet at the coffee house. All are fond of Marie, she of naive charm, daughter of Henry, who has promised to wed the tale teller rendering the best story. This to be decided at the end of twelve months by having the girl choose from the unsigned manuscripts. Marie is exceedingly fond of Rawling, who at best is a poor story teller. Tonight, Johnson, of Southern heritage, an embryo author earning his bread as a proofreader on a downtown daily, tells this tale:)

OVER THE LEVEE

"Coming home—coming home."

Lulling and soothing like the croon of a mammy's lullaby the words came to Turner from the darkness.

At Ades the train was late, and he had missed the night ferry. With the old wound stabbing his leg, his patience was at low ebb as he questioned the roustabouts at the landing for a boatman. In the dim glow of the landing lamp he had not taken mark of the negro who helped him into the skiff. But when the boat rounded the channel and was gaining the slacker shore water Turner's leg eased its pain. The night wind blew soothingly. A pencil of moonlight pierced the heavy banks of clouds and for the first time the passenger observed that the boatman was older than the average riverman.

The face perplexed him. There was a time when he knew all the darkies for miles around. The light faded and from the landing side the wind drove with a force to careen the skiff, forcing the boatman to pull hard. In the effort the wind caught the roustabout's cap and spun it into the water. Turner observed a bald pate gleaming dully in the shimmering light of the waning moon. Only one negro of the parish had he known to be bald, and that was old Abraham, patriarch of the Rodenwood plantation.

"Let the cap go, Abe."

At the words the aged negro let the oars fall. Two eyes rolled white.

"Lawsy" emanated from out of the night in the awed voice of the darkie. "How yo' know mah name, suh?"

Bringing his face closer, the boatman attempted to scrutinize the white man's features.

"Mistah!" ejaculated the roustabout, a superstitious catch in his voice, "fo' de Lo'ds sake tell me wot yo' is, fo' no white folks done called me Abe in yea's."

Across the water the passenger caught the sight of a flickering candle gleam in the window of a cabin. His nerves soothed and the blood in his veins felt lethargic.

Slowly and with effort, as though each word made pleasing pain, he replied.

"This is Jackson."

Only the lapping waves answered him. Then the old negro spoke, in a tone of reverence.

"Not Mistah Tu'ner's Jack that ah raised to man's size and done went away to wah and ain't never come home."

"Yes," was the answer, "this is little Jack come home"

And negro though he was, two arms encircled him, and on his breast a tired wanderer came to rest, like a crying picanniny on the breast of its mammy.

When the current swept the boat into the easy water the negro again resumed the oars. Then the waves slapped lightly against the craft as it eased rapidly over the water.

The negro suddenly half rose from his seat and pointing into the distance, excitedly cried:

"There 'tis, Marse' Jack; there 'tis right behind yo!"

Turning, the passenger peered in that direction. Half a mile distant blinked a faint glow—the river beacon that stood a stone's throw from the Plantation landing. Like a compass, his heart had headed for the scene of his nativity.

"Pears like its been yea's and yea's since yo' seen 'Beulah Light', Marster?" queried the colored man as the levee lights flickered in the inkiness of the background.

"A long time, Uncle Abe," answered Jackson. His throat filled and he eased his lungs in a racking cough.

"That's bad cough, Marsa Jack," said the aged servant solicitously. "An' yo' sho' stumbled at the landin' like as yo' was hurt in the laig."

Jackson hesitated before answering. "Yes, Uncle I got it—lungs and leg." In an afterthought, "I've been comin' a long ways to get home to you all."

The passenger's throat again bothered, and when he spoke his voice trembled with emotion.

"And Miss Eunice?" he half whispered, playing over the syllables. "Is she still at the old place?"

As the old colored man replied, the hulk of the landing separated itself from the blackness of the towering levee. "Yes, Marsa Jack," he answered, but in a note that rang falsely. "Missie Eunice been waitin' fo' yo' all dis time, an' tol' me long time back to watch fo' yo' an' when yo' comes to fotch yo'.—An' Marsa Jack, it sho' been de longest time." In the pale beam of the levee light a glistening drop rolled down the old man's cheek.

The skiff edged the landing of the upstream side. Uncle Abe, displaying considerable agility, freed himself of the oars and shuffled onto the planks. One hand under his master's armpit, the aged negro walked him to the cypress staircase that ran the face of the levee and was on the point of mounting the steps when the passenger stayed him.

"That's all tonight, Uncle Abe," he said. "I want to come home—surprise Eunice—alone." Then to himself, climbing with evident weakness and fatigue. "She said I wasn't a man. She said I wasn't a man."

Long after Jackson had stumbled upward, the aged servant stood gazing into the night, censuring himself:

"An' ah tol' Marsa Jack she was waitin' fo' him," he moaned; "de Lo'd heap dawn cu'ses on ma haid."

During the hours until daylight Uncle Abe held his vigil. In the early light of morning the storm that threatened broke with intensity, wetting the old darky to the skin. But with sunrise the storm ceased, and the boatman headed for the top of the levee.

As he reached its crown, a brown mocking bird swished past and lit on a stretch of unkept lawn that ran back from the base of the levee. An encircling platoon of aged moss-clinging oaks fringed the weedy plot and gave way only where its towering branches scraped against the white collonades of the old mansion. About the old house, with its cracked paint and shutters swinging awry in the morning breeze, hovered an aspect that lisped of better days. But the aged and decrepit building brought to the old man reminiscences of days when the Turners and the Rodenwood children thronged the place with childish hilarity.

Back of the house the negro saw the modern home of the plantation master, and beyond, the whitewashed cabins of the "quarters," outlying the plowed fields and the sugar house.

In all that expanse Uncle Abe could not locate the figure of his master. The negro's eyes widened, as they swept over the heads of the avenue of magnolias to where a whitened vault reared itself above the weeds and cape jessamines.

With a sob in his throat the aged servant hurried down the levee slope. At the foot of the vault lay a huddled figure. The erstwhile slave fell on his knees, his arm about his old master, whose wasted fingers clutched a slab of marble. The darky's hand tore at the bit of cotton shirting and disclosed a khaki shirt upon which was pinned a rainbow-colored decoration. Feverishly he opened the breast buttons and thrust his hand over his master's heart, which now was stilled.

Old Abe reverently loosened the stiffened fingers from the bit of stone that bore the inscription:

"Always waiting for my soldier boy."

Not until he had replaced the slab did Uncle Abe look up. Eyes dimmed, he gazed at the vault that stood

there, constructed brick by brick, by the old patriarch to house the last of the Rodenwoods. Over the closed aperture that showed through the coating of whitewash, in small, round characters, was chipped:

"EUNICE"

"Ah, reckon," mournfully drawled the old darkey, "ah reckon, Missie Eunice, yo' Jack done come home—a man."

TO LOVERS OF "DIFFERENT KIND OF STORIES

Greenwich Village Nights will form an excellent addition to any library, in all, twelve literary gems, bound into a neat volume. The stories of the "different kind," written by Jo Burton, from experiences as a soldier-of-fortune in all parts of the globe. Included in the book will be the best features of the issues of Jazza-Ka-Jazza. On completion of the stories in this publication the book will be sent FREE to all yearly subscribers.

Besides that Cap'n Joey's Jazza-Ka-Jazza is sometimes hard to find. Try the following receipt:

—Tear Off Here—

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Don't delay; Jazza-Ka-Jazza is going like iced mint juleps in the inferno. You'll think there was a three-mile limit when you try to get one (as a lot of people thought last month).

Jazza-Ka-Jazza employs no agents or solicitors. All subscriptions direct to Cap'n Joey.

Write an ending to Greenwich Village Nights, the "different kind" series now being conducted by Cap'n Joey.

Do it in your own way. Jazza-Ka-Jazza will publish the conclusion of Greenwich Village Nights by Cap'n Joey as well as the best submitted story.

Manuscripts should be of 1500 to 2000 words.

List of prizes and other data will be published in April issue.

Dear Jazz Readers:

§ Following this edition all rum-sellers and flappers will please write Cap'n Joey instead of dropping in to his den, for the simple reason he's going to take a vacation past the three-mile limit where he can indulge in a liquid theory for the Jazza-Ka-Jazza which will be jazzier than ever with several innovations.

**I have been jazzing a short time
I have been cussed and discussed,
Boycotted, talked about, lied about,
Lied to, hung up, held up and robbed
The only reason I am writing
This stuff is to see what the
Hell is going to happen next.**

JO. BURTEN.



GILDA GRAY

Queen of Jazz at Rendezvous.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



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